

SOCIAL

(Contributed)

On Saturday afternoon between the hours of 4 and 6 o'clock, Mrs. W. A. Porter entertained at a charming birthday party for her two daughters, Misses Susie May and Grace, in honor of their birthdays, nine and five respectively. Twenty-five of their little friends were bidden to the party and all came with a gift for her special friend who was entertaining her. Games were played for quite a while before the guests were invited into the dining room, which was most attractive with Halloween decorations—pumpkins, black cats, witches, etc. On the table were two cakes, one with nine and the other with five burning candles. Finally, Mrs. Porter, assisted by Miss Bessie Coley, served ice cream and wafers, then the birthday cakes were cut, and before the little folks left each was presented a box of mints as a souvenir of this happy occasion.

A very delightful Halloween affair was a "Get-together" evening of the Episcopalians down at the lodge of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wall, in Wolf Pit on Tuesday evening. The members were all at the church at 5 p. m. and left in automobiles for the lodge. The approach to the lodge is attractive and especially so with the Halloween lights, etc., which made the place a very fairy place. The house was aglow with shaded lights, black cats, witches, and pumpkins and Mrs. Wall, who is always on the alert for a catchy idea, had placed at the entrance a pumpkin with the injunction in bold black letters, "Park Here"—which made everyone think that really was the thing to do. Entering one found a cheery log fire burning in the salon. Lights shaded with red and yellow shades decorated in cats and witches, fruits and fall flowers, were in evidence; passing to the living room up stairs Miss Janet Fairley, in Gypsy costume, told everybody a good fortune. Halloween games were played and enjoyed. Messrs. Hartzell, Ralph Hunsworth, Mr. Moore and Beverly Payne entertained with many catchy songs, and finally supper was announced and everyone went down to supper. Plates were served to each and in this plate was a delightful lunch, fruit salad in apple cases, two kinds of sandwiches, crackers, hot coffee. After supper more games were played, some toasted marshmallows, others popped corn, and a good time generally was enjoyed until late bedtime when all departed for the city by moonlight, declaring this to have been the most delightful time in many moons.

Mr and Mrs. Hugh May, of Welch, Va., who have been guests of Mrs. W. C. Leak, leave Tuesday for their home in West Va.

One of the prettiest parties of the Fall was that on Saturday evening, when Mrs. Fred Bynum entertained the members of her "Duplicate Club," honoring one of its members, Miss Elizabeth Cloud, of Hamlet, whose marriage to Mr. King Breeden, will occur Nov. 15th. Guests were bidden at 7:30, and when the last one arrived, each found her place at one of the four tables, by "Japanese Maids" place cards, and a four-course dinner was served. Oyster cocktail, followed by chicken croquets, cream mushrooms in patties, hot rolls, grapefruit salad, on lettuce, nut parfait with an ice center, angel food cake, black coffee, roquefort cheese, and Guava jelly. Tables were cleared and the Duplicate Boards were played off, afterwards Mrs. Bynum presented the honoree with a set of hand-some bread and butter plates. The Club prize was cut by Miss Kathryn McDonald, a dainty piece of lace lingerie. Those playing were: Messdames Howard Hartzell, Bennett Nooe, J. A. Lambeth, Mrs. Corpening, of Illinois, Jake Hinson, J. M. Ledbetter, A. G. Corpening, June Diggs, Kathryn McDonald, Rosa and Jennie Parsons, Elizabeth Cloud, H. C. Wall, I. S. London, Billy Everett, W. R. Jones.

Mrs. Ralph Coldren and little daughter arrived in the city Tuesday night from Philadelphia and are guests of Mrs. Coltrén's mother, Mrs. James Bethel at Mr. Beverly Payne's, on Bungalow St.

Tuesday evening Mrs. W. C. Leak entertained in honor of her house-guests, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh May, of West Va. The home was most attractively arranged

with autumn flowers and ferns. Five tables were arranged in the living room and hall where games were enjoyed for sometime before the hostess served a delicious hot course and accessories.

Wednesday at noon, Mrs. W. C. Leak entertained about twenty of the very youngest society set of Rockingham, in honor of her little three-year-old niece, Jennie Peagues May, of West Va. After games and romps in the lawn ice cream and wafers were served.

Wednesday afternoon between the hours of 3 and 5, Mrs. T. C. Leak was the charming hostess at Bridge, in honor of Mrs. Hugh May, and Mrs. Ralph Coldren, of Philadelphia. The eight tables were arranged in the parlor, where cut flowers were used in decorations. After several progressions the hostess served a salad course with accessories. To Messdames Coldren and May, the hostess presented handsome salad sets. Mrs. R. W. Ford cut highest and was given a beautiful Jerusalem cherry plant.

DEATHS.

(Continued from Front Page)

Confederate armies. Surviving are three children: W. C. Phillips, of High Point, Roy Phillips, of Rockingham, and Mrs. Gordon Fletcher, of McCall.

Mrs. Hiram T. Baldwin.

Mrs. Roxie Baldwin died suddenly of heart failure Wednesday night about 7 o'clock at her home at Pee Dee No. 2. The interment was at the Old Scotch cemetery this (Thursday) morning at 11.

Miss Florence Reynolds.

Miss Florence Reynolds, aged 46, died Wednesday at her home at Roberdel. She was the daughter of E. S. and Rebecca Reynolds. The funeral was conducted this (Thursday) morning from the Roberdel Methodist church at 11 o'clock, and interment at Bear Branch cemetery.

J. A. McIntyre.

Mr. J. A. McIntyre died October 18th at his home at Roberdel No. 2, aged 67. The interment was at Mizpah the 19th.

Huge Colored Woman.

Harriett Bostick died the 26th on Route 4 and was buried at Holly Grove the 27th. She was 78 years old, and this colored woman weighed about 275 pounds.

Mrs. Fannie Stogner.

Mrs. Fannie Stogner died at Roberdel No. 2 Sunday afternoon, following a second stroke of paralysis. The interment was at Mizpah Monday. She was 68 years old and widow of the late W. M. Stogner.

Rockingham 56, Ellerbe 0.

(Continued from Front Page)

ed, and the eligibility of the players settled. By this schedule Rockingham will play Hamlet at Rockingham tomorrow, Nov. 3rd. The winner will then play Fayetteville Nov. 10th. Ellerbe will play Sanford at Sanford tomorrow, and the winner will on Nov. 17th play the winner of the Rockingham-Hamlet-Fayetteville triangle. And then on up.

Here's hoping that at least one of the three Richmond county teams will climb to the top, and be in at the killing.

Rockingham's Season.

The Rockingham team has so far had a very successful season. The team is in good condition, and working smoothly; an evidence of this is the systematic manner in which it swamped the Ellerbe team here to tune of 56 to 0.

Last year Rockingham beat Ellerbe 33-0, and one week later defeated Hamlet team 21-0. If history repeats itself, the local lads should nose out another victory against the Hamlet boys and then be ready to play the Fayetteville bunch one week

later. The Hamlet game tomorrow ought to be a close one, inasmuch as Hamlet recently held Wilmington to a 7-0, and Sanford to a 20-0 score; that was quite an achievement holding those two heavier and more experienced teams to such a close score, and tho' Hamlet lost, still in losing they gained a virtual victory. And so Rockingham will face a strong opponent here tomorrow.

That Ellerbe Game.

The massacre of the Ellerbe boys last Friday in the annual Fair Week game was a genuine surprise—to the loyal Ellerbe rooters, who accompanied their team here expecting a victory. The neighboring school rooters were well organized, and split the air with snappy yells; but these gradually grew fainter as the Rockingham score steadily mounted and reached the half century mark.

And in defeating Ellerbe, the Rockingham team had its work cut out, for the Ellerbe boys three weeks ago held the strong Fayetteville team to a 13-7 score, and defeated Raeford 7-0. (Raeford a little later beat Rockingham 13-7.) However comparative scores don't count for much; victories are what make the certainties.

But let it not be thought that the Rockingham- Ellerbe game Oct. 27th was a run-away affair. On the contrary, the Ellerbe team fought gamely and contested every inch of ground. It appeared simply to be a case of too much experience and training in the finer points of the game. Rockingham simply displayed a smooth running machine.

Red Price and Frank Little played possibly the best brand of ball for Ellerbe; for Rockingham it would be invidious to single out any particular player. The generalship of Ammie Webb at quarter, the fast footwork of Crawford Lisk and the remarkable interference evident at all times by Frank Ellerbe were perhaps the outstanding features of the game. However, the entire Rockingham line "dug in" and played beautiful ball. It was a well-balanced team, each man fitting as a perfect cog. If these boys play tomorrow against Hamlet as they did against Ellerbe last Friday, the result will be a foregone conclusion (we hope we will not have to eat these words in our next issue.)

An analysis of the game shows that Rockingham made 8 downs in the first quarter, 7 in the second, 5 in the third, and 9 in the fourth. Ellerbe had 1 first down in the first quarter, 2 in the second, 3 in the third and 1 in the fourth.

In the fourth quarter Frank Ellerbe received a bruised side and was replaced by Johnnie Webb at full, with Thomas McRae going in at end.

Time of quarters 15 minutes each. Referee, Toxie Whitaker. Umpire, Boliver Stark. Head linesman, McClure. Linesmen, Cheek and John McAulay. Timekeepers, Prof. Mitchell and Omer Henry.

Score by quarters:

Rham 12 19 6 19—total 56
Ellerbe 0 0 0 0 " 0

LINE-UP:

ROCKINGHAM	R. E.	ELLERBE
Tom Leath	R. E.	Bob Sides
C. Carter	R. T.	Bruce Spivey
J. Hasty	R. G.	C. Parsons
Jenkins	C.	R. Auman
J. Phifer	L. G.	Chapman White
G. Covington	L. T.	Alec Cox
J. Webb	L. E.	Ver'n White
A. Webb	Q.	Roy Bennett
H. West	L. H.	C. Patterson
F. Ellerbe	Full	Carl Ellerbe
C. Lisk	R. H.	Red Price

Substitutions: Ernest Bennett, Claude Thomas, Frank Little and Whitley for Ellerbe. For Rockingham: Red Lennon, Tom McRae, John Hamer, Lee Ballard, Everett Hamer.

The Cole Stove.

An interesting series of adverts starts with this issue, for the Cole hot blast heater. It is sold here by W. E. McNair.

The Third Act

By ANTHONY REIMERT

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Two men were seated at a cafe in Johannesburg, watching the singer. She was a beautiful woman of about thirty years, and she sang divinely. There was a cry of "encore!" The elder clutched the younger by the arm. "Do you know her?" he asked.

The other studied the programme. "Madame Elise," he read. "Yes, Elise Roxbury, the famous English beauty! Good heavens, why did she come here? You know her story?"

"Something about that man Sanderson, the government official who disappeared, isn't it?" "Yes. There were two acts to that drama. Sanderson was a well-known man in London. He was engaged to a charming girl, Lord Elford's daughter. He had everything in life to look forward to—well-born, rich, talented.

"Then he met Elise Roxbury, and for a while their lives were paradise. That was act one. Lord Elford's daughter broke off the engagement. That gave him his chance to hold up his head. And nobody cared what the relationship between him and Elise was. People are tolerant.

"Then—there was a very ugly scandal. He seems to have done something queer about money. Elise had extravagant tastes. It was hushed up, but it broke him. He had to leave the government service. He had to resign from his clubs. Doors that had been open to him were slammed in his face. That was bad enough, but a second man appeared upon the scene, a rich man. Elise threw Sanderson over.

"If ever a man was broken by a woman, he was by Elise Roxbury. Act two saw him a disgraced, discredited fugitive over the face of the earth, penniless. Eventually Sanderson came out here, got a position with a mining company, retrieved himself. Yes, this is the Land of Second Chances.

Elise Roxbury, of course, went the way of all such women. She disappeared from sight. I had forgotten about her until I saw her twenty minutes ago. Yes, that's she. She always could sing. But—"

His grip tightened on the other's arm.

"We mustn't let her meet Sanderson. He told her that she should never ruin another man's life as she had ruined his. He went to her apartment in London with a revolver before he left England. He fired at her—wounded her, I believe. That scandal was hushed up too.

"But if Sanderson sees Elise Roxbury here, he'll kill her. I know he will—and he comes in here generally in the evenings. Now—what's to be done?"

The singer's voice rang out in the song from Il Trovatore:

"Ah, I have longed to rest me
Deep in the quiet grave,
Have longed to rest me—"

The elder man's face whitened. "Sanderson!" he whispered.

A man had just entered by a side entrance, and was making his way slowly down the aisle. He was about thirty-five years of age, prematurely gray. His stern face was set rigidly; there was a movement of the fingers in his coat pocket.

The younger of the pair saw that the singer was staring at the man coming down the aisle. She had just finished her song. Plaudits filled the cafe.

There was no stage, no footlights. Elise Roxbury was singing in the small open space by the piano at the upper end of the cafe. There was no exit there. It was impossible to flee, even if she wished to flee. And Sanderson was coming on inexorably.

"Too late!" muttered the older man.

It was far too late. A few steps more and the two would stand face to face. No one in the audience had as yet noticed anything queer. But the two men at the table saw that the singer seemed to have turned to stone. She was staring at the man approaching her as if fascinated, helpless.

She had never appeared so beautiful. The plaudits had hardly ceased. There went up ringing cries again of "encore!"

The singer paid no attention to them. But it seemed to the two men at the table across the cafe as if she made an insignificant gesture, inviting the revolver, as if her lips curved proudly.

Then Elise Roxbury and the man she had broken were standing face to face.

For an instant they confronted each other; then of a sudden he took her by the hand. She placed her arm through his, smiling up into his face. The two men at the cafe saw him leading her down the aisle. The audience understood nothing.

"By George!" said the younger of the two men.

"That is the third act," said the elder. "It has the merits of surprise."

Embarrassed Street-Car Patron.

"Wait for the car to stop, and don't get on until it does stop!" yelled the conductor of an open surface car to a woman making desperate efforts to get aboard as the car slowed up slightly at the corner.

WITH THE FUNNY MEN



SPEAKING ILL OF AN INN

"If I owned this hotel," said the irate guest, "I'd—"

"Well, what would you do?" asked the proprietor of the Eagle house.

"I'd turn it over to a friend of mine who's an entomologist. Know what that means?"

"No."

"A bug expert. I believe he could study all the known varieties, and some new ones, without getting off the premises."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Appearances.

"Your constituents say you are over-confident with reference to the coming election."

"That's the impression I desire to create," confided Senator Sorghum. "But you may rest assured that my personal nonchalance is an outward appearance to which my busy campaign managers will pay no attention whatsoever."—Washington Star.

What It Meant to Her.

"How strange," murmured the sweet young thing, as she looked the interior of the bank over with a critical eye.

"How strange?"

"What is strange?" asked a bystander.

"That sign over there. Why don't they make it read 'Information' instead of 'Teller'?"

Sarcasm.

"Are you going to have a brass band at your next political rally?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "The last time I used a brass band a sarcastic opposition editor referred to the occasion as a concert and sent a musical critic instead of a political reporter."—Washington Star.

One of Us.

"I've just been having a talk with John J. Public, who tells me that—"

"Is John J. Public an individual?"

"The person I have in mind is a fit representative of the downtrodden masses. He's trying to support a wife, six children and a motor car on \$2,500 a year."



NOT EXACTLY

"My son is a bank runner."

"Do you mean he runs a bank?"

The Baby Show.

They had a baby show.
The babies ran neck and neck;
The winning baby's a perfect kid,
But the judge is a perfect wreck.

His Modest Wish.

Mr. Dobbs (during quarrel)—When I die you must be sure to marry soon again, Lucy.

Mrs. D.—Why?

Mr. D.—There'll be some one then to sincerely mourn at my departure!

Home Humor.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Mason, seizing a spoon, "here's a fly in my preserve."

"I'll bet it's the worst jam he ever got into in his life," her husband chuckled drolly.

Just Flattery.

"I understand the photographer praised your beauty very highly."

"Yes, but I've looked in vain for the last six months and he has yet to display in his front window the portrait he took of me."

Fantastic.

Eagle Eye—Heaps big artist. Him says he bin lookin' for a Injun like me. Him giv' me a dolla' jus' for lettin' 'im draw my face.

Colling Snake—Hum, yum. I wish I 'ad a mug like yours.

Couldn't Be a Pleasure.

First Gentleman (bowing)—I believe I've had the pleasure of meeting your wife once before.

Second Gentleman—If it really was a pleasure I doubt very much if it was my wife you met.

Striving to Please.

"I have here some flowers for a murderer."

"We have no murderers in Plunkville jail, madam," said the town sergeant. "We have a wife beater; will he do?"

FORCE OF HABIT, MAYBE

"Who is the fellow in a sport car?" "That's Harold Heartbreak, the movie star. He gets paid a big salary for just making love to beautiful women."

"In a case like that a man would have some inducement to work overtime."

"He's evidently been working overtime. His wife is suing him for divorce and names six correspondents."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Has Been About Some.

"Your boy has graduated?" "Yes," said Mr. Grabco. "Now he wants to go abroad and see something of the world."

"Why don't you let him see America first?"

"You couldn't interest him in a proposition like that. He traveled with the football team."

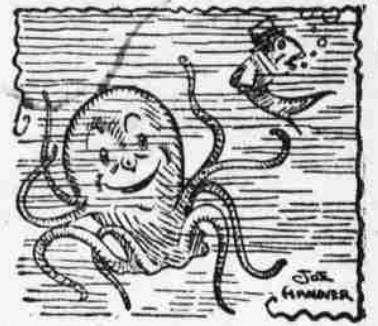
Apparently.

"Boss, is you connected with de courthouse?"

"Yes."

"Kin you help me out? I wants a marriage license."

"No, I'm a police magistrate. Best I can do is to give you a year in jail. You're after a life sentence."



ENVIROUS

Fish: Gee, he's a lucky guy, he can hug eight girls at once!

Censorship.

Soon shall we see some fancy tricks
New moral standards to secure,
When censorship brings politics
Into control of literature.

Can't Fool Her.

The Poultryman—Certainly, ma'am. It's a this-year's chicken. I'll guarantee it.

Mrs. Junebride—I don't see where you get the nerve to tell me that when I distinctly remember they were wearing the same style of head ornaments two years ago.

A Little Bit of Blarney.

Misses—Maggie, I can't have you entertaining policemen in the kitchen.

Maggie—Sure, mum, an' it's a big heart ye have. I was sayin' to Michael O'Flinn only last night that if I'd spoke th' word ye'd let us have th' drawin' room.—London Answers.

Possibly So.

Her Second Husband—No, I can't go out with you this evening. I have some work to do at the office.

Mrs. Pstinger—You've neglected me shamefully ever since we've been married. If my first husband was alive you wouldn't dare to treat me so.

Why He Lost Appendix.

"Say, Bill, they tell me you've just had your appendix taken out," said a friend.

"That's a fact," replied Bill. "Serves you right! You should have had it in your wife's name."—London Tit-Bits.

An Advocate of Simplicity.

"Do you like bridge?"

"No," answered Cactus Joe. "It looks to me like one of them games where they put in a lot of arithmetic so's to take a regular card player's mind off'n the run of the deck."—Washington Star.



ABSOLUTELY UNNECESSARY

She: Pop says you have no brains.
He: I figured I wouldn't need any with your money.

Accommodating.

"Man wants but little here below," quoth the Rev. James Squinches. Straight home Miss Phoebe Potts did go And raised her skirt three inches.

Just Flattery.

"I understand the photographer praised your beauty very highly."

"Yes, but I've looked in vain for the last six months and he has yet to display in his front window the portrait he took of me."

The Difficulty.

"He's kinder to his second wife than he was to his first."

"Yes, but his second wife keeps insisting that he's not nearly so kind to her as her first husband was."

Artists.

"Who are these girls?"

"Members of our Pen and Pencil club."

"Some of them are very strong with the eyebrow pencil."